Pittsburg has been caled " hell with the lid off/' and other insulting names. I have always thought it beautiful, especially at night when its furnaces make it look like a city of flame. The lovely park that the city has made on the heights that surround it is a lesson to Birmingham, Sheffield, and our other black towns. George Alexander said that Pittsburg reminded him of his native town of Sheffield, " Had he said Birmingham, now, instead of Sheffield,[5]* wrote a Pittsburg newspaper man, " he would have touched our tender spot exactly. As it is, we can be as cheerful as the Chicago man was who boasted that his sweetheart 'cajne pretty near calling him "honey," * \v[r]hen in fact she had called him ' Old Bees-wax ' 1 "

When I played Ophelia for the first time in Chicago, I played the part better than I had ever played it before, and I don't believe lever played it so well again. *Why,* it is almost impossible to say. I had heard a good deal of the crime of Chicago, that the people were a rough, murderous, sand-bagging crew. I ran on to the stage in the rnad scene, and never have I felt such sympathy ! This frail wraith, this poor demented thing, could hold them in the hollow of her hand . . . It was splendid ! " How long can I hold them ?" I thought. " For ever!" Then I laughed. That was the best Ophelia laugh of rny life—rny life that is such a perfect kaleido-scope with the people and the places turning round and

round.

At the risk of beiag accused of indiscriminate flattery I must say that I liked *all* the American cities. Every one of them has a joke at the expense of the others. They talk in New "York of a man who lost both his sons—" One died and the other went to live in Philadelphia." Pitts-bure is the subiect of endless criticism, and Chicago is